THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. R. STOKER, Editor & Proprietor.

GREAT BEND. - - - - KANSAS.

ABOUT LAMP CHIMNEYS.

Millions of Them Broken Every Year—Where They Come From.

Nearly 5,000,000 of lamp chimneys are smashed every year in this city and at least 50,000,000 bits of glass are thrown into ash barrels, streets, alleys, gutters, sewers, etc. Yet people venture out in thin-soled shoes, children in bare feet and horses without any protection on their hoofs.

Stranger still, one seldom hears of an accident arising from the presence of these bits of glass.

The street sanitary regulations of the city fortunately do much toward obviating such accidents, and most of the broken and cracked chimneys are deposited in ash barrels and find their way to the dump, where they are gathered up by rag-pickers and sold to junk dealers, who, in turn, sell the scraps, which are known as "cullet," to the glass works at 40 cents per 100 pounds.

The dealers in chimneys dispose of their broken stock, which is about 5 per cent. of that carried, in the same manner.

The breakage of lamp chimneys represents the consumption of that article. The lamp-chimney business, therefore, is of considerable importance to the public.

There are innumerable styles of lamp chimneys on the market—large, small and medium sized; long, short, round, flat and twisted; thin, thick, narrow, broad, square, globular, scalloped, colored, spotted, etc., from the baby chimney, 4 inches tall by 1 inch in diameter, to the great big fellow, 12 inches tall by 4½ inches in diameter, used on the largest lamp in the market, which throws a 360-candle power light and costs from 15 cents to $2 per dozen wholesale. They even manufacture combinations of chimney and globes, while every year brings into the market half a dozen or more of new styles of chimneys. Every new lamp requires a special chimney.

Nine-tenths of the chimneys made in this country are manufactured in Pittsburgh, while most of the balance are made at Steubenville, O., while a very few are made in the natural gas regions.

The majority of small ones are imported. Wherever the material in a lamp chimney is of greater cost than the labor the chimney is imported, and vice versa.

All the shapes used in this country are of American design, but are manufactured abroad and brought here and sold at much less than they could be produced here. It is labor that figures in the cost of manufacture more than material.

The odd shapes are all molded, while the ordinary shapes are blown and are made of lead glass and lime glass, both in this and the old country. There is a feature that the casual observer would not notice in selecting a lamp chimney with a square top. Two chimneys of almost identical appearance are placed side by side, one of which commands a higher price. A close observation shows that the top and bottom of the one is rough, while the other is polished and smooth. The smooth one possesses double the durability of the rough one. The rough one is cut off and cooled, while the other is polished. Only the best quality of glass can be polished this way.

People make a great mistake in imagining that a heavy chimney is more durable than a thin one. This is not the fact. The thin chimney is far more durable because of its expansion and contraction being more regular.

The non-breakable chimney, which is made chiefly in Illinois, is non-breakable in name more so than in reality, though it is much more durable than the ordinary chimney. The difference in the price however, does not warrant its purchase on the score of economy, hence very few are sold. The best grade of chimney is known as the pearl top, which is made like any other chimney, but while hot has a crimped ring welded to the top, while the ordinary crimped top is merely placed in a mold and shaped while hot.

These chimneys are much less liable to break than the others, and are considered well worth the one-third more in price. The great demand to-day is for fancy tops.

There are also a great many chimneys now used on gas burners. On the shelves of a first-class lamp store can be found fifty separate and distinct styles of lamp chimneys, while every grocery in the country handles them, mostly the common grades.

The life of a lamp chimney is as uncertain as that of a man. An expensive one is as liable to break as soon as a cheap one, as there are many causes calculated to crack or shatter them other than a fall or contact with another body. A draught of air, a damp chimney, a splash of water or a high blaze will any of them terminate a chimney's usefulness in short order. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

He Was Excused.

"Excuse me," he said as he bit off the end of a cigar and held out his hand to secure a light from the other, who was smoking.

"Beg pardon."

"I said excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. Always willing to excuse."

And he took the fresh cigar, lighted it, threw his old stub away, and as he began on the new one he walked off with the remark:

"Very good cigar, sir—very good. Of course I'll excuse you."—Detroit Free Press.

—Five young squirrels were found in the woods by an Indiana farmer, who took them home, where he placed them in care of the family cat. The latter, it appears, at once adopted them, and now the squirrels are deeply attached to her.

VENOMOUS SCORPIONS.

Where They Are Plentiful as Flies, and Sociable and Dangerous.

"If ever you should happen to go down into Lower Mexico," said L. T. Stanley, the electrician, "and should notice that your bed was set up on inverted tin pans as you have seen the four corners of corn cribs fixed to keep out the rats, and that the bed had a sheet stretched above it, running to a peak at the top like the roof of a house, don't say a word, but get right in and go to sleep. If you shouldn't go to sleep as soon as you get in, and should hear something drop on the sheet roof above you, and roll down and tumble on the floor at the side of the bed, lie still. By and by you will hear the same drop and roll and tumble, and it won't be long before it'll be drop, drop, drop, and roll, roll, roll, and plink, plink, plink on the floor. Don't get up; if you do you might think you were struck by lightning as soon as you put your foot on the floor, for the chances are that you would step on a scorpion the first thing, and the scorpion has a stinger that he carries for instant and effective use. Scorpions are just about as plenty there as flies are up here. They hide by day and attend to business at night. The scorpion is a crab with a snake's tail, with a spur on the end of it. It likes to get in bed with folks, and if it wasn't for the tin pans on the bed posts it would climb up and get in with you that way, and if the bed wasn't roofed with the sheet it would drop on you from the ceiling. When you get up in the morning you will be apt to find a few quarts of dead scorpions lying on the floor in front of the bed. They all committed suicide. After trying to get into bed with you a few times, and being tumbled off the sheet every time, or stopped by the tin pans, they got mad, and stuck their stingers in their heads and killed themselves. A scorpion will commit suicide on the slightest provocation. It has a temper as hot and as quick as kerosene on a kitchen fire. If one scorpion is passing by another one and happens to touch it, there's a fight at once, and two dead scorpions are the result. Put a hundred scorpions in an inclosure, and throw a little stick or piece of dirt among them, and the scorpion that is nearest to where the stick or dirt falls will turn and dip his spar into his nearest neighbor, and in less than two seconds the entire hundred will be mixed up in the fight. The way their stringers and claws and legs will fly is a sight to see. As long as there is one scorpion alive the fight goes on, for if one happens to survive the other ninety-nine he will pitch in and have it out with himself, and the first thing he knows he is dead.

"It is a fact that scorpions, or alcarans, as the Mexicans call them, are at certain seasons of the year as numerous almost as flies. They are within the cracks of the walls, between the bricks of the tiles, on the floor, hiding inside your garments, darting everywhere with inconceivable rapidity, their tails, which hold the sting, ready to fly up with dangerous effect upon the slightest provocation. Turn a corner of a rug or table spread and you disturb a flourishing colony of them. Shake your shoes in the morning and out they flop. Throw your bath sponge into the water and half a dozen of them dart out of its cool depths, into which they had lain themselves away during the night. It is not often that you see one of the mahogany-hued reptiles that is more than two inches long, but they sometimes show up with the formidable proportions of a five-inch length, and all that it implies. There is a smaller variety than the mahogany scorpion. This one is yellow, and he is ten times more vicious and dangerous. It is at mid-day that the bite or sting of these venomous little pests is most feared, as the natives say it is then the most poisonous. The deserted old mines of Durango are simply scorpion hives, they having bred and increased there undisturbed for centuries. A few years ago the government took official notice of their deadly presence and placed a bounty on them, which is paid on the presentation of a scorpion's tail and sting at the office of the government agent. Many natives carry a brass tube, and in case of a bite from a scorpion it is pressed over the wound, on which it acts like the bleeding cup of the surgeon, and draws the poisoned blood out. A hollow key has been used successfully in the same way. Victims of the yellow scorpion's bite have been known to lie for days in convulsions, foaming at the mouth and with stomach and limbs swollen as in dropsy. Others suffer no worse consequences than they might from an ordinary bee sting. Brandy taken until stupefaction follows is a favorable remedy for scorpion bites in Mexico, ammonia is also given with good results. There is nothing the Mexican or Texan fears more than the yellow or black scorpion of Durango except the bloating rattlesnake of the Staked Plains, and that is probably the most deadly reptile of the American continent."—N. Y. Sun.

THE SOUNDING ROCKS.

A Natural Phenomenon Which Has Given Rise to Many Legends.

Not far from Dinan, on the banks of the Arguenon, one of those small torrential rivers which, in emptying into the sea, carve the coast of Brittany into capricious festoons, there is shown to the tourist a heap of grayish rocks known in the country under the name of the "sounding stones of Guildo."

In the crystaline texture of these rocks and their slaty color we at once recognize that variety of stone known in mineralogy by the name of amphibole (complex silicate of iron, manganese and lime). These stones, which, aside from their musical properties, possess no novelty, are situated in the midst of wonderful scenery. They occupy a small cove, that at rising tide is entirely covered, and which is overlooked by a high bank, upon which stands the little village of Guildo, formerly the center of a celebrated pilgrimage.

The stones of Guildo are not erratic blocks derived from the upper part of the valley. It is clearly seen that they have been detached from the bank itself, the strata of which are of rock of the same formation. They are huge boulders rolled and polished by the sea.

The sounding-stones are three in number. They are long prismatic blocks, lying side by side, at right angles with the shore, and because of their form, the inhabitants sometimes call them "the horses in the stable." The central stone more particularly exhibits the phenomenon. It is about 20 feet in length, and 23 feet in circumference, thus giving it an approximate weight of 165,000 pounds. On the river side it ends in a sort of truncated spur. It is at this part that it is necessary to strike it with an iron instrument, or, better, with a stone of the same nature. Near this spur there are observed three or four points that are well marked by the wear produced by the repeated blows of visitors. These are the points at which the maximum of sonorousness is obtained.

Under a blow the stone emits a very clear, silvery sound, similar to that which would be obtained by striking a large bell with a mallet of soft wood. The more one approaches the other end, in continuing the blows, the deader the sound becomes. Near the top the totality seems to increase a little. Finally, at certain points, which must be nodes of vibration, merely a dull sound is obtained. If, while striking, one presses his ear against the other extremity of the rock, the sound heard is extraordinarily intense, and, in measure as it dies out, the various harmonics are distinctly perceived. The two other stones emit nothing more than a muffled sound. It is asserted that this is due to the fact that they have been disturbed by the action of the sea. In fact, it is to be noted that the musical stone rests through a few points only upon the pebbles that support it, while the two others are now partially sunk in the subjacent earth.

We examined all the surrounding stones, and found several that gave very varied sounds, without there seeming to be any relation between their size and the height of the pitch. At the end of the cove we more particularly remarked a horizontal stratum partially buried in the shore and divided into fragments, forming, as it were, something like the gigantic keys of a prehistoric piano. Three of these stones gave clearly the perfect major chord. While watching our researches with curiosity, a boy of the locality exclaimed now and then, previous to our experiments: "Will sound!" "Won't sound!" and, accustomed to make the singular stones speak, he soon showed us how, at the first glance, it was possible to recognize the musical stones. The rocks, in fact, exhibit two very different aspects.

Those of a silvery gray, with a very fine texture, all render, even when broken, a very pure sound. Those of a darker color and blotched with brown, through an excess of iron, are as if exfoliated, and emit no sound.

These sounding rocks have more than once furnished their contingent to the already rich legendary of the Breton country. We were struck by one of these legends. It is the story of a tailor (hump-backed, of course), who, one fine evening, obligingly assisted in completing the round of the fairies of Guildo, who were disconsolate over being in unequal numbers. As a reward, the fairies taught him to "sound the stone" in making a wish. At the call of the mysterious bell there came from the depths of the earth gnomes and elves, who satisfied the fortunate tailor's wishes, and begun in the first place by ridding him of his hump. Then comes the usual counterpart: The artful and scoffing miller of the valley of the Arguenon wished to imitate the tailor, and succeeded only in making the fairies hostile. They avenged themselves on him by ridding themselves, at his expense, of the tailor's hump, which took up its perch on the miller's shoulders.—N. Y. Ledger.

DIED OF GRIEF.

A Circus Horse Left Behind the Caravan Expires of a Broken Heart.

The emotional life of the horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box-stall. The leg was bandaged and he was made as comfortable as possible. He ate his food and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and tramped and whinnied.

As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sounds of retiring wagons he would rush, as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted. Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of his body.

Finally the stableman went to the house, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead. The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still, and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle.—Western Sportsman.

WORSE THAN THE STAKE.

The Big Tarantula and the Mental Torture of Its Soldier Victim.

We had camped down on the plains of Texas one noon to boil a cup of coffee and get a bite to eat, and while Private Malone was getting the coffee ready three or four of the men stretched out for a quarter of an hour's sleep. There were seven of us, United States dragoons, searching for some horses which had broken away, and 'Big George," as we called him, who was a sergeant, was in command. I was very wide awake, having caught sight of a snake moving off as we came up, and as the sergeant lay on his back, his face sheltered from the sun, I looked him over and admired his proportions. He was a man who stood exactly six feet tall in his stockings, weighed 218 pounds, and it was no trick at all for him to take two of the strongest men in the regiment and hold them at arm's length or dance them about like puppets.

It might have been ten minutes after he lay down that I suddenly caught sight of a tarantula on his breast—the largest and most horrible-looking specimen I ever saw, and I lived for seven years among them. The sergeant had on the regulation cavalry jacket, and it was buttoned all the way up. He lay on the broad of his back, arms down beside him, and I had no sooner caught sight of the big spider than I saw that the man's eye's which I could see under his red handkerchief, were open. He saw the tarantula, perhaps, before I did. I turned my head to the right, and Malony, who stood upright at the fire, was looking at the sergeant, with face as white as snow. I turned to the left, and the two other men who had not sought sleep were also gazing in horror.

Not one of us dared move. Should we do so the spider might spring away in alarm but the chances were that he would bite before doing so. I was only a foot away from the sergeant's feet and on a line with his face, and I could look into his eyes and read his thoughts. He was a game man. He had been tested over and over, but never in such a manner. How would he stand the ordeal? The spider had a curiosity regarding the brass buttons on the jacket. He hovered over the fifth one from the top for three or four minutes. I read in the sergeant's eyes surprise, repugnance and calculation. I carefully watched the muscles of his face. He might as well have been dead for all the movement I could detect.

Now the spider moves up a button—now back two. Those shining metals are a new sight to him. As he moves down I read relief in the sergeant's eyes. As he moves up again I read anxiety. Not a finger moves. His chest heaves as regularly as the beats of a clock.

Now the spider moves up to the second button from the top and shakes himself nervously. He is right under the sergeant's clean-shaved chin, and not over a foot from his eyes. Now fear comes to the man's eyes, and I see beads of perspiration start out on his big, red hands. He has been hemmed in by Indians, chased by hungry wolves, lost on the trackless plains without losing his nerve. It is going now. The spider shakes itself, and the look of fear gives place to one of terror. We know, and the sergeant knows, that the insect is angered, and that its next move will be upward.

The coffee is boiling over into the fire, and two or three of the horses are looking at us in an interrogative way, as if puzzled at our attitudes. I fairly ache to shout—to spring up—to do something; but I dare not move a finger.

Flash! The great spider jumps into the center of the handkerchief spread over the sergeant's face and glides here and there in wonderment. The sergeant's eyes express hope. The horrible thing may leap from his face to the earth. No! It crawls slowly down to the lower edge of the handkerchief, and the sergeant's eyes speak horror and desperation, and his hands are as wet as if plunged into a bucket of water. Now the spider crawls off the handkerchief onto the sergeant's chin, and for thirty seconds is entirely motionless.

The man is doomed. His eyes tell me so. His soul is sick with horror, but what nerve to hold himself down and take the chances! Not one man in a million could do it. Not a muscle moves; not the slightest change in the heave of the breast. He is in more torture than the man at the stake, but his nerve is not broken.

The spider suddenly shakes itself, inflicts its bite, and is gone like a flash, springing clear over one of the other men. Then, with a scream of despair, the sergeant springs up, eyes full of terror and face distorted, and goes rushing away on foot over the plains. We saddle up and pursue, but he dodges, turns and twists about, and it is an hour before we can catch him. Then he sinks helplessly down, and inside of two hours is dead.—N. Y. Sun.

Outwitting An Arab Sheikh.

This old Sheikh demanded to be and was fed, and finally hinted, with unpleasant positiveness, that we had too many tents, and, as one would add greatly to his comfort, he thought we could make the rest of the journey without a dining tent. This was a blow to poor Dragoman Talhamy's patience; but they say a Syrian is never outwitted, and, after deliberate consideration of the plan, he offered to buy the tent of the Sheikh. So with great glee he told us of his bargain. The tent had cost him seventy-five dollars, and he bought it back from the Sheikh for a yard and a half of rope, two cakes of soap, two empty tin cans, and a box of matches; and we continued to eat in comfort.—Mrs. Elizabeth W. Brooks, in Christian Union.

—The opinion is expressed that all that is promised by recent applications in the use of water gas be verified electric lighting will be outrivaled both in cheapness and beauty of light.

THE CHEAPEST FOOD.

Making Milk, and Wool, and Flesh, of Green Grass.

Every dairyman knows that green grass is the cheapest as well as the best food that can be used for producing milk. Most persons prefer butter and cheese that are made while cows feed entirely on sweet and tender grasses. They think that they have a more agreeable flavor. Grass is so much cheaper than any other food given to cows that dairying can not be profitably carried on outside of a good grazing district. England, Holland and Denmark are the best dairy countries in the world chiefly for the reason that climate and soil are well adapted to the growth of grass. In parts of the world where the rainfall is limited to a few months in the year, the grass ceases to grow during the dry season, when the supply of milk immediately falls off. The Northern States have great advantages over the Southern ones in the production of milk, for the simple reason that they produce more and better grasses. Cows will give milk if they are fed on dried forage plants and grain, but it is not likely that it will sell for enough to pay for the food consumed.

Every sheep-raiser knows that green grass is the cheapest food for producing wool. The best grazing districts are the most favored ones for the production of wool. There is much profit on that part of the fleece that grows while sheep are in the pasture, but very little, if any, in the part that grows while sheep are kept in pens and fed on food that has been harvested. Hay and grain will make wool, but the chances are that it will not sell for enough to pay for the food that the sheep have consumed.

Grass is the cheapest as well as the best food for producing flesh on cattle, sheep and horses. Most farmers are aware of this fact, but in practice they appear to forget it. They keep these animals in poor or closely-fed pastures during the summer, where they gain but very little. On the approach of cold weather they remove them to stables or yards and give them all they will eat. The fall and early part of winter are the times when most farmers expect to put their stock in good condition for market. They spend the entire season of warm weather in raising crops to feed the animals after the cold weather commences. They neglect them in the summer, but seek to make amends for it by giving them most excelent attention during the winter. Cows, steers and young cattle that fared poorly in the pasture now fare sumptuously in the stable. They receive hay from the mow and corn from the crib. Young horses have the mangers full of cured timothy cut, and their boxes are supplied with thrashed oats.

The best time to make flesh is while the grass is growing. It is then sweet and tender, and animals will derive more benefit from it than they will after it has attained a larger growth and has been cut, cured and put in stock. Green grass is as valuable for making flesh and fat as for making milk and wool. The farmers who know the best pastures make beef, mutton and horse flesh at the smallest cost. They aim to add to the weight of their animals while the grass grows and the weather is comfortable. They do not keep their pastures overstocked. If a protracted drought occurs they cut grass in meadows, oats or corn, and feed them to their stock. They aim to have their animals in prime condition at the end of the grazing season. These will be the animals on which they will make the most money. Next to them in profit will be those that will require but a small amount of corn and hay. Both lots can be disposed of before the snow falls. When this is done there is a great saving in stable room, labor and food.—Christian at Work.

Don't Do It.

The man who goes about his barn with a pipe or cigar is recommended to take out an insurance policy at once from one of the old line companies. We recommend the old line companies, in such case, for two reasons: First, such carelessness should be made to pay as high as possible for its fun, and second, such a man ought not to impose upon his neighbors who form the basis of the farmers mutual companies. We saw a man not long ago smoking while he was currying his horse in the stable. He said he had done it for years and had not had a fire yet. It is possible that a man might smoke in a powder mill for years without causing an explosion, but he would be a very reckless man who should attempt it. It needs but a spark among hay or straw to burn down a barn with the probable loss of all there is in it. Never do any thing which is likely to cause a fire. If a fire in the barn does occur, there is one thing that is well to remember. Horses are frightened "out of their wits" by fire. You can not lead a horse from a burning barn in the ordinary way. The best way is to blindfold the animal. This may be done by throwing a coat or blanket over the head.—Western Rural.

Experiments with Potatoes.

The following conclusions may be made from the New York station's well-conceived series of potato experiments:

1. Little or nothing was gained by using cut potatoes for seed, over whole tubers of the same weight.

2. Seed tubers badly sprouted yielded about eight and a half per cent. less than unsprouted ones.

3. The earliness of the crop was not influenced by exposing the tubers to light and warmth before planting.

4. The yield was materially reduced by removing the seed end of the planted tubers.

5. Fertilizer placed below the seed may be slightly preferable to fertilizer placed above it. The fact was not clearly established.—Rural New Yorker.

—A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of a visiting list. She arranges names in alphabetical order, with marginal notes of "at home" days.

HOME AND FARM.

—The same food, without variation, should not be given to poultry for any considerable length of time.

—Regularity in the care of stock should be the aim of every farmer. If they are fed and watered at the regular hours they will pay all the better for the trouble.

—Study to feed the plant, not to make the soil rich, if profit is the object. Farmers should never overlook the fact that the object of agriculture is to make crops grow rather than to enrich the soil.

—It is wrong to cut a slit in a hog's snout. The hog should be able to root. When kept on the ground all of the time and fed a variety of food, hogs do not root. When they do they ought to.—Farm Journal.

—One of the heaviest things on earth is a sheet of paper after it has been transformed into a farm mortgage; it always takes a strong man and his whole family several years to lift it, and often it can't be lifted at all.

—It requires more experience and good judgment to cure clover cheaply and nicely than to cure timothy; but it is better hay when you get it, for most purposes, and it leaves the land in far better condition for the following crops.—Rural New Yorker.

—Beef Cakes: Chop cold chips of beef roast, or cold steak, two cold onions, a bit of carrot, a quarter of a turnip, one cupful of potato and one of meat; moisten with cold soup, gravy, or hot water salted and peppered. Mold into cakes with the hands and brown in a well-greased spider.

—Apple Ginger: Make a sirup of four pounds of granulated sugar and a pint of water in which cook very slowly four pounds of finely-chopped tart apples, peeled and cored, and two ounces of green ginger. Add the grated rind of four lemons. Take it off the stove when it looks clear.—Good Housekeeping.

—Tomato Toast: Take fresh or canned tomato, stew and season with salt, pepper and cream, with a little flour stirred to a paste in small portion of the cream before adding to the rest, then toast slices of bread, spread them with butter, and spread on the tomato while hot and serve immediately.

—Stock may be kept in too close stables. There is not so much danger of this as the summer comes on as there is in the winter when every crevice is closed to keep out the cold. There is more danger from bad odors now, however, than in the cold of winter, and there should be a free circulation of air to carry away any odor that may be injurious to the stock or milk.

—If the meadows are rough and unproductive, the heroic treatment will be found best. Plow, replow, level, clear off all stone and stumps, fertilize and re-seed, using some clover, which will disappear in about two years. By this method plant food will be set free at the surface and brought from the subsoil by the clover roots, there will be enough available fertility in the surface soil to produce many abundant harvests.

SCIENCE OF DRY ROT.

No Wood That Is Liable to Damp Safe from Its Attacks.

Prof. Bidlake, Rhode Island, reports as follows on dry rot in lumber: No wood which is liable to damp, or has at any time absorbed moisture and is in contact with stagnant air, so that the moisture can not evaporate, can be considered safe from the attacks of dry rot. Any impervious substance applied to wood which is not thoroughly dry tends to engender decay, as floor covered with kamptulicon and laid over brick arching before the latter was dry, cement dado to wood partition, the water expeled from the dado in setting and absorbed by the wood had no means of evaporation. Woodwork coated with a paint or tar before thoroughly dry and well seasoned is liable to decay, as the moisture is imprisoned. Skirtings and wall paneling are very subject to dry rot, and especially window-backs, for the space between the wood-work and the wall is occupied by stagnant air; the former absorbs moisture from the wall, especially if it has been fixed before the wall was dry after building, and the paint or varnish prevents the moisture from evaporating into the room. Skirtings thus form excelent channels for the spread of the fungus. Plaster seems to be sufficiently porous to allow the evaporation of water through it; hence probably the space between ceiling and floor is not so frequently attacked, if also the floor boards do not fit very accurately and no oilcloth covers the floor. Plowed and tongued floors are disadvantageous in certain circumstances, as when placed over a space occupied by damp air, as they allow no air to pass between the boards, and so dry them. Beams may appear sound externally and be rotten within, for the outside being in contact with the air, becomes drier than the interior. It is well to saw and reverse all large scantling. The ends of all timber, and especially of large beams, should be free, for it is through the ends that moisture chiefly evaporates. They should on no account be embedded in mortar. Inferior and ill-seasoned timber is evidently to be avoided. Whatever insures dampness and lack of evaporation is conducive to dry rot, that is to say, dampness arising from the soil, dampness arising from the walls, especially if the damp-proof course has been omitted, dampness arising from the use of salt-sand and dampness arising from drying of mortar and cement. Stagnation of air resulting from air-grids getting blocked with dirt or being purposely blocked through ignorance. Stagnation may exist under a floor, although there are grids in the opposite walls, for it is difficult to induce the air to move in a horizontal direction without some special means of suction. Corners of stagnant air are to be guarded against. Darkness assists the development of fungus; whatever increases the temperature of the wood and stagnant air within limit also assists.—Scientific American.

PITH AND POINT.

—He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

—Blessings are usually celibates. Troubles marry and replenish the earth.—Burlington Free Press.

—Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.—Douglas Jerrold.

—Men are responsible for sin, but not for infirmity. Infirmities are the mistakes which men make on their way to knowledge.—Beecher.

—There are no persons more solicitous about the preservation of rank than those who have no rank at all.—Shenstone.

—Only by labor can thought be made healthy, and only by thought can labor be made happy, and the two can not be separated with impunity.

—Don't be afraid of wild boys and girls; they often grow up to be the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.—Herbert Spencer.

—Right actions for the future are the best explanations or apologies for wrong ones in the past; the best evidence of regret for them that we can offer or the world receive.—Edwards.

—He who gives another an opportunity to do good by soliciting from him some act of goodness, has really done a favor to the latter which the latter may turn to his own benefit by doing the good act.—N. Y. Independent.

—Mental ability and acquirement, physical strength, personal capability, pecuniary possession—whatever it is, we do well to keep something in hand—something not squandered abroad and strewn on the surface.—Once a Week.

—The man who is busy working doesn't have time to read up on the subject of capital and labor, and the man who puts in his time reading on that subject doesn't have time to work. That's why no one reaches a complete comprehension of the difficulty.—Merchant Traveler.

—If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to tell it. But women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these whenever you can help it.—Chesterfield.

—Women famed for their valor, their skill in politics or their learning, leave the duties of their own sex in order to invade the privileges of ours. I can no more pardon a fair one for endeavoring to wield the club of Hercules than I could him for endeavoring to twirl her distaff.—Goldsmith.

—Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined to religion, but they are everywhere; people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming a culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold.—Rev. Albert Goodrich.

—It has always been the practice of mankind to judge of actions by the event. The same events, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgments; they who attain their wishes never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental, but in moral qualities.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE TARANTELLA.

An Ancient and Picturesque Dance Originated by the Greeks.

In the lower part of the Hotel Tramontano, at Sorrento, is a room where, whenever the proprietor calls for them, a number of Sorrentino men and women come in their picturesque costumes, and to the sound of pipe, timbrel, guitar, mandoline (the ancient lute), castagnettes, etc., foot most prettily and vivaciously this curious dance, which has come down from the old Greek days.

Pliny the Elder wrote of it, and described it most fully. In his day it was called "the dance of Gades" (Cadiz), because it had been brought to great perfection in that city on the Atlantic; but he says it was imported into Gades by the Greeks, who, you remember, had large settlements around the whole of the Mediterranean shores, and far up the Atlantic coast in Hispania and Lusitania. The tarantella in Spain is to-day called the "fandango," and so it is in Portugal, in Brazil, and in all Spanish America. Curiously enough, the first time that I ever heard fandango airs played was on a summer night in the Plaza of Cadiz. But in no part of Spain or Portugal, or Latin America, will you see the fandango, or tarantella danced as in Sorrento. It is there in its perfection, and it is not merely dancing that you have, but they also sing the popular Neapolitan airs, for the dancers are singers, as many of your readers will testify who heard them at the Italian Exhibition in London last year. One of them—a falegname (a carpenter)—played most exquisitely on the mandoline. I think that I never heard the air "Il Pescatore" from "Lucretia Borgia" more sweetly and touchingly rendered than by this little carpenter on his mandoline. The leader, whose name is Neapolitano, is, as I was informed by the head waiter of the Tramontano, a hair-dresser of Sorrento—a local "barber of Seville." The other guitar player, Antonio, is also a good composer of music; the little young fellow, who danced so capriolacally—to coin a word—is an olive-wood cutter, and the other male members of the corps are mechanics in various callings; while the women dancers or silk weavers, or, as married, keepers of their own houses. The tallest woman, and one of the most graceful of the dancers, is the wife of the little mandolinist.

I forgot to say that in addition to the instrumentation mentioned, they are accompanied by a small but very fair orchestra. No one who goes to Sorrento should fail to see and hear the tarantella-dancers. A collection is taken at the close of the performance, and all are supposed to contribute at least two francs each.—Paris Cor. American Register.